

## Be in my Eyes (Be in my Heart) by ohnovaks

**Series:** [i like you, i like you, i like you \[1\]](#)

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti)

**Genre:** Angst with a Happy Ending, Christmas, Christmas Fluff, Christmas fic, Closeted Richie Tozier, Coming Out, Feminine Richie Tozier, Gay Richie Tozier, Hurt/Comfort, Internalized Homophobia, Love Confessions, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Soft Richie Tozier, Winter, kind of, richie calls himself a “fairy” but that’s the worst it gets

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

**Relationships:** Beverly Marsh & Eddie Kaspbrak, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-12-04

**Updated:** 2019-12-04

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 16:52:48

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,467

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Richie liked Christmas for the most part; the presents, the food. But there was other stuff that he didn’t like — except he sort of did like them, but they were so feminine and girly, and he’d chain them beneath the surface and act like he wasn’t vibing to Mariah Carey’s All I Want For Christmas or overthinking the organization of ornaments on the tree.

or; Richie is afraid of being feminine, so he hides his love for Christmas (and his love for boys, too.)

## Be in my Eyes (Be in my Heart)

### Author's Note:

Title from Flowers in your Hair by The Lumineers!

This is a remake of an old oneshot from a year ago except I wrote this one for Reddie (the old one was Destiel) !!

This has internalized homophobia and Richie calls himself a fairy once but besides that there's nothing severe!!

December.

December, to Richie Tozier and about 90% of the people that he knew in the dominantly Christian town of Derry, meant Christmas. Not all the Jesus stuff, at least not to Richie, but the commercial kind of stuff. He and Stan both were Jewish, but unlike Stan, Richie's family celebrated Christmas. Again, not for the whole Jesus Birthday Bash, but for the food and hot chocolate and tree decorating and presents.

Stan's family was ultra-Jewish, with his dad being a rabbi, but that didn't mean Stan didn't pop over to his friends' houses to enjoy in their Christmas traditions.

Richie liked Christmas for the most part; the presents, the food. But there was other stuff that he didn't like — except he sort of did like them, but they were so feminine and girly, and he'd chain them beneath the surface and act like he wasn't vibing to Mariah Carey's All I Want For Christmas or overthinking the organization of ornaments on the tree.

It wasn't that he didn't respect women; he had a few girl friends and a very female mother, and he thought they were totally badass. But Richie Tozier was a boy, 100%.

He found fleeting interest in many things that he deemed too feminine to indulge in; the color pink, chick flicks, and definitely Christmas traditions. And, okay, there was another thing too. Men.

He wasn't like a cliché gay person, not "I always knew something was different." He didn't always know. When he was younger his love for girls was different, forged, but he didn't realize that this was unnatural. He thought just deciding to have a crush on the popular girl or only finding interest in unachievable women was natural.

It wasn't until puberty hit that he realized that his feelings for women weren't what he ever thought. He had his first crush on a boy named Conner at age 12, one with curly hair and pretty blue eyes, one that smiled at him in math class. They weren't close, and it wasn't anything beyond a month long infatuation, but it was something.

He realized that Conner made his heart beat really hard, and he always lost his words when he spoke to him, and he felt hot all over his face when he was around. The crush went away, but Richie's confusion didn't.

When he was 13 he had a much worse crush. One on Eddie Kaspbrak. The boy with dark hair and darker eyes, like chocolate dribbled over a honeycomb; the one with bubblegum pink lips. His room always smelled like hand sanitizer and his hair always smelled like strawberry shampoo. His hands were always sort of dry but also soft,

like he used lotion and hand sanitizer twice the amount of an average person. He probably did.

Richie liked him, a lot more than he should have. He'd been repressing his sexuality since age 12 — nearly four years now. He wasn't planning on stopping.

He was going over to Eddie's house; most of the other Losers were busy, so it was just Eddie and Richie and Bev today. Richie trusted Eddie and Bev the most, along with Stan, even though there were certain things he'd sooner tell Henry Bowers than Eddie. *Well, okay, maybe that was a bit dramatic.*

It was cold outside and Eddie didn't know how to work the thermostat, so they were all in comfy pajamas and wrapped in blankets, sitting around and talking while sipping hot chocolate, *The Nightmare Before Christmas* playing faintly on the television.

"Hey," Eddie says after a sip of the warm cocoa, "I'm gonna go get the ornaments so that we can decorate the tree! We can jam out to some Christmas music!"

Richie chokes a little on his drink, causing a concerned but amused expression to appear on both of his friends' faces. "That's kinda girly, don't you think?" He asks, a little shy, and Bev glares at him.

"So?" Eddie asks, not really caring, placing his cocoa on the coffee table (*without a coaster, what a rebel!*) and pushing himself onto his feet. "Come help me get them, Rich! You're taller than me."

Richie chuckles at this; Eddie is short, but he makes up for his height with his hyperactive personality. Richie used to tease him for it, until he figured out that Eddie had ADHD and the medication for that counteracted his epilepsy medication, so he couldn't take it in strong dosages. Richie would rather see him being a hyperactive little shit than see him at the brink of tears over an English assignment because he just couldn't focus, *Richie help, please, I don't understand it and I've read it seven times.*

They walk into the storage room and Richie stands on the tips of his toes and tugs down the rather large box of ornaments, shades of red and pink and silver. As easily as he slips it down, he turns to leave the closet, but Eddie's hand lands on his shoulder and turns him back around. They're facing each other, the box in Richie's hands between them, and his cheeks are a little rosy but it has to be because he's cold.

"I'd think you were being an asshole if I didn't know you any better," Eddie breathes out, hand still on his shoulder, and they realize it at the same time as he draws his hand away. He uses it to awkwardly scratch the back of his neck. "What is your problem with Christmas, fucking Scrooge? Is it because you're Jewish or something? Because I don't understand and we're trying to have fun but the second I mention decorating or listening to Baby It's Cold Outside or baking gingerbread cookies you scrunch up like a fucking potato bug, so what is your problem?!"

"What the fuck is a potato bug?" Richie asks first, because he doesn't really want to talk about it, about how he loves Christmas so much and he wants to dance and sing (*and he loves Eddie so much and wants to hug him and kiss him—*) but it's too feminine and girly and he can't

be like that.

“Not the fucking point, asshole,” Eddie says, but it’s not exactly angry, just frustrated, removing the box from Richie’s hand and placing it on the ground so that he can’t think hide behind it and deflect, “I can tell you want to, okay? I can tell you’re holding back, so what is your problem?”

Richie’s newly unoccupied hands grab ahold of both sides of Eddie’s face in one swift motion, and he isn’t sure why he’s touching him and grabbing him and *i love you i love you i love you* runs through both of their minds like a mantra. “I want to, I want to, I can’t but I want to. I - I don’t know, I’m sorry,” Richie rambles, letting go of Eddie as if he’s been burnt, accidentally bumping his back clumsily against the wall.

“Richie, Richie,” Eddie says, hands landing on Richie’s shoulders tightly, “Calm — Calm down, hey, what are you afraid of? Talk to me,” He speaks slow and soft, a comforting soft blanket, a warm sip of cocoa, the smell of pine trees and peppermint.

“I like it,” Richie whispers, more nervous than he could ever convey, “I like it; I like Christmas decorations and Mariah fucking Carey, and — and flowers! I like flowers, and—” He pauses suddenly, backing up just an inch, hands reaching up to cover his face. “I like pink. I like chick flicks. I like lip gloss,” He mumbles into his palms, “*I like boys.*”

A silence stretches between them, full of thoughts and fears, swirling like a tornado. *What if what if what if*, “Okay,” Eddie says, and the thoughts are louder, *what if what if what if he hates you. What if what if what if you’re just a useless fairy.*

“Richie, hey, it’s okay,” Eddie says when Richie trembles, hands hiding his face still, and Eddie wraps his fingers around his wrists to coax his arms to his sides. When Richie’s sad eyes (*somehow still dry of tears, because if he cries he’s girly*) stare over at Eddie, the smaller gently touches his shoulder again. “Is that all?”

“Yes,” *No, Eddie, it isn’t all. I love you I love you I love you, what if what if.* Eddie smiles sweetly, hands dropping to grab ahold of Richie’s, fingers rosy and cold. *I love you I love you I love you.*

Eddie nods his head, eyes moving to the box on the floor. “Then let’s go decorate the tree with Bev,” Eddie says, grabbing the box, a bit big in his arms, “And jam out to Mariah Carey.”

Richie smiles. “Yeah, okay.”

*I love you I love you I love you*

**Author's Note:**

i made a part two as promised !! <3